

# Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

13

## CYCLING CHORINE

(See Story below)



## I get around

By RONALD RICHARDS

IN St. James's Park recently I was amused to see a cyclist with a dog in the front basket. Naturally, I asked why, and so on, and the young lady started at the beginning and told me her name first—it happened to be Gola James, who was previously one of C. B. Cochran's Young Ladies, and is in the chorus at the Palace Theatre.

Specialising in ballet, Gola was producing her own show in Australia before the war; she is expecting to go into the W.A.A.F. in the near future.

Gola is a keen cyclist, and she loves to take her dog into the park, but time frequently doesn't permit her doing both, so she combines the two by taking the dog in the specially made basket on the front of her cycle.

FIVE of us were chatting over a drink when a snuff-box carrier approached. Although he knew only one of our party, he advanced in a doggedly determined manner, eyeing us all with a benign grin, producing and tapping his silver box with masterly fore-finger while still at a range of about five paces, saying, "Good evening, gentlemen—and Mr. So-and-So" (referring to his one acquaintance, and cracking the already worn-out salutation) "I trust you will indulge in the ancient and time-honoured custom?"

Two did. One was his friend, and the other was a

tall, quiet man, little known to any of us.

As the latter reached forth his hand, the box was withdrawn from its reach, and, with a look of horror and reproach, the snuff donor said, "Ah! No—no, my good sir—the left hand, if you please—if you please, sir!" And with a flourish, no doubt intended to convey the act of shooting his ruffles, he tapped and offered the box again.

The snuff-baron replied:—

"My good friend, when this ancient ritual was first established, it was the custom of gentlemen to keep the right hand free to draw the sword at any moment—see?"

The tall chap thought for a second. "I see," he said quietly, inclining his head over to the right and seemingly placing the pinch of snuff in his left ear.

This shook the donor completely. "What on earth did you do that for?" he spluttered.

"My good friend," confided the tall one, "after what you have revealed to me I daren't put the stuff up my nose—while I'm sneezing you could draw and cut my ruddy head off!"

THE SPORTS-MIKE MOVES BACK TO RECORD

# TUNNEY-DEMPSEY 7TH ROUND THRILL

WE are taking you now to Chicago, where... Gene Tunney, heavyweight boxing champion of the world, is defending his title against Jack Dempsey, from whom he won it a year ago. The contest is due to begin at 4 a.m. British summer-time (10 p.m. American time), and John Nelson, our sports recorder, is at the ringside to give you his description of the fight. It is September 22, 1927.

HULLO, everyone, John Nelson calling you from Chicago. Here, in the famous Soldiers' Field, Jack Dempsey will, in a few minutes' time, be entering the ring in an attempt to win back the world heavyweight boxing title which he lost to the former United States Marine, Gene Tunney, a year ago.

Like most big fights over here, the contest is taking place in the open air, and around this great arena, flooded with light from a hundred lamps, are more than 150,000 wildly enthusiastic people, all waiting tensely for the bout to begin.

Many Hollywood celebrities are in the crowd, but Dempsey's wife, known on the screen as Estelle Taylor, is not among them. She is so overwrought with anxiety that her doctors have forbidden her to see the fight.

This huge crowd, it has just been announced, has paid 2,800,000 dollars—nearly £560,000 in our money—for the privilege of seeing the fight. A colossal sum, but one which could easily have been doubled had accommodation been available. For weeks past, ticket agencies throughout the States have been turning down applications for seats.

Amazing precautions have been taken to guard against gate-crashers and gunmen. Three thousand Chicago policemen, all of them armed, 2,000 ushers, 400 ticket-takers, and 400 ticket-inspectors have been engaged by promoter Tex Rickard to preserve order.

All roads leading to the ground are banned to anyone without a ticket, and everyone

admitted is subjected to the closest scrutiny.

Even though I was one of the favoured ones—and had a whole pocketful of letters of introduction to support my credentials—two tough-looking cops insisted on accompanying me to my place by the ringside.

Believe me, all this makes our fights back home look like Sunday school treats by comparison.



GENE TUNNEY Commander, U.S.N.

It is bitterly cold here in the open, and slight rain is falling to make conditions even more unpleasant. But the two boxers are sure at least of a warm reception from this vast crowd.

Outside the ground, hawkers are selling blankets and rugs as protection against the cold, and are doing a roaring trade.

When Tunney won the title on points at Philadelphia a year ago, heavy rain fell incessantly throughout the fight. It is only a very little more comfortable to-night. These two boxers seem right out of favour with the Weather Man.

The fight is over ten rounds, and the referee is Dave Barry, of Chicago, himself an ex-boxer. Two Chicago business magnates, Mr. George Lytton and Mr. Sheldon Clark, are the judges.

The last preliminary bout has just ended—and here is Dempsey coming into the ring now. The applause is deafening. He is wearing a white dressing gown and is taking the corner on the opposite side of the ring to me—the corner from which he lost last year. He looks from here to be pale and drawn and rather anxious.

He is shadow-boxing in his corner to keep warm—and here comes Tunney. His supporters, beside themselves with excitement, are trying to pat him on the back as he climbs into the ring. Dempsey rushes across the ring. He is shaking hands with his rival, and both men are smiling as they walk back to their respective corners.

Dempsey is three pounds the heavier, and looks altogether tougher and harder than the champion. But, believe me, Gene Tunney is pretty tough for all that!

The bandages around the boxers' hands are being inspected now. The referee is talking to the two men. They're going back to their corners. The gong, and the fight is on.

Dempsey, bronzed and swarthy complexioned, rushes wildly from his corner. Tunney is there waiting for him. Dempsey tries a swinging punch, but Tunney backs away. Tunney is

obviously going out to force the pace, as he did in the last fight, and of the first five real blows landed, four are his. Tunney is there now, swinging punch after punch at his opponent. Dempsey weathers the storm, but not without feeling the effects. He's taken heavy punishment. Already the sun-bronze of his skin is deepening to dull purple where Tunney's blows have struck home. As he sits now in his corner, receiving the ministrations of his seconds, Dempsey's face seems lined and anxious.

Dempsey is resorting to his old, well-tried tactics now. He is coming in at Tunney like a charging bull. But Tunney is keeping his head. He is as nimble on his feet as a dancer—and whenever Dempsey charges he meets just empty air. Tunney has already left!

Tunney, still using that classically straight left of his, lands flush on the point of Dempsey's jaw. The ex-champion is shaking his head as he returns to his corner. He obviously felt that one. So far, Tunney has had everything his own way.

Dempsey is desperate now. He comes out fighting-mad. He's caught Tunney with a hard left just below the ribs, and for the first time in this fight the champion winced with pain.

Tunney is boxing his man off and scores with a left to Dempsey's face. Another left—and another. Now a right—a really killing blow, that—and Dempsey is clearly groggy. Dempsey seems nearly all-in.

There is one continuous roar from the crowd. Never before have American boxing fans seen the Manassa Mauler mauled so badly as this. His left eye is almost closed. Blood is pouring from his nose. He looks but a shadow of the old Dempsey—and a rather gory shadow at that. His seconds are working feverishly on him during the interval.

Their work seems to have done him good. He is a lot more composed in this round. He gets in a sharp right to Tunney's heart—and a left to the champion's face. Hard, telling punches, both of them. More like the old Dempsey. Dempsey won this round, I should say.

That cut eye of his must be causing him trouble, and his seconds are again hard at work on it. They seem to have staunched the flow of blood, anyway.

Round seven now. Tunney must still be well ahead on points, even though Dempsey has a firmer grip of himself than he seemed to have earlier in the fight. The contest may yet go the full distance. . . .

Dempsey is certainly coming back to his old form. The form which made him invincible until this tall, fair-haired man from the Marines came into the big-fight picture. Dempsey is tearing into his man now like a battering ram—and what force there is behind those punches of his when they do connect!

He's just caught Tunney full on the point of the chin with a vicious left. And now a right to the same spot. Ooh! Tunney is down.

Tunney, the champion, is on the boards. He's lying flat on his back, apparently out to the wide, and the time-keeper is counting. "One, two, three, four . . ."



JACK DEMPSEY

Dempsey, like a giant cat poised for the kill, is standing over the champion's prostrate form, ready to strike again should Tunney rise. But it looks as if Gene won't get up from this one in a hurry.

Wait . . . the referee has not taken up the count. He is waving Dempsey away. And now the time-keeper, too, has stopped tolling the champion's knell. What's wrong, I wonder?

Yes . . . apparently Dempsey has forgotten the newly made rule that the boxer on his feet must retire to a neutral corner while the count is taken. So he's given Tunney a four-second longer respite than he need have done.

Referee and time-keeper are chanting the seconds in unison now.

"One, two, three, four, five . . ." Tunney is struggling to recover.

"Six, seven, eight, nine . . ." Tunney is up. Tunney is on his feet again. Up at the stroke of nine—saved from disaster by one second.

Dempsey is in at him like a flash, but Tunney manages to keep a grip on himself. Dempsey is driving him all over the ring, but still Tunney keeps going. What punishment he has taken in these last two minutes!

Dempsey—yes, the old Dempsey once more—is beckoning him to come in and fight. But Tunney is fighting now to keep out of harm's way. Dempsey catches him again with a terrific left to the jaw. Tunney reels across the ring—how the crowd are enjoying this!—but somehow manages to keep standing.

And there's the gong to give him a badly needed breather. How Tunney contrived to survive that round beats me.

Dempsey is coming out for the eighth round as if he means to finish it. He is fighting as well now as I have ever seen him fight. He is superb. Tunney is stronger than in the previous round, but still groggy. Dempsey is driving into him with a succession of lefts and rights. Tunney absorbs them like a rubber-man.

Now Dempsey is down. Tunney clipped Dempsey on the jaw and the ex-champion fell, but quickly recovered. Dempsey is still set on a knock-out, but Tunney is keeping clear of trouble. His footwork is magnificent even now.

That last round seems to have had its effect on Dempsey. He's

Continued on Page 3.

## THOUGHTS

All women become like their mothers. That is their tragedy. No man does. That's his.

Oscar Wilde.

Genius is one per cent. inspiration and ninety-nine perspiration.

Thomas Alva Edison.

Sir, it is no matter what you teach them (children) first, any more than what leg you shall put into your breeches first.

Samuel Johnson.

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.

Thos. Carlyle.



## Periscope Page

Give it a name  
Let's have the best title  
your crew can devise  
for this picture.



## How to write Short Stories—3

### "SUSPENSE"

By C. GORDON GLOVER

IN the short story, perhaps more than in any other form of literature, the idea of suspense is dominant. The reader, interested in what is happening, is even more interested in what is going to happen. Step by step the author teases and tempts him, withholding from him the plum of the whole business—the climax. A story must carry an invitation in its first

line, and anything from a fishhook to a bash on the head in its last.

What goes between—atmosphere, talk, violent action—is the well-balanced meal that leads to the brandy, cigars, and well-being of its conclusion. The reader must NOT suspect the end, and it is for the shiver, or the gasp, or the chuckle of surprise that he should get that he pays the author his money.

The young man in our story, having been challenged on his denial of ghosts, consequently plunges off to investigate. There follows a semi-purple passage, describing the atmosphere in which he conducts his expedition, and which is necessary to convey the full effect. On a hot afternoon the young man wanders off to see the little pavilion where, as his companion had told him, the old

Fly fishing may be a very pleasant amusement, but angling or float fishing I can only compare to a stick and string with a worm at one end and a fool at the other. Samuel Johnson.

The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure. Thomas Jefferson.

People crushed by law have no hopes but from power. If laws are their enemies, they will be enemies to laws, and those, who have much to hope, and nothing to lose, will always be dangerous, more, or less. Edmund Burke.

nobleman was wont to hold his gay nineteenth-century revels.

In this passage we get atmosphere: "Below, the sea whispered in the sunshine, and all around was a wilderness of neglected order, more sorrowful by far than the real wild places"—and FEELING—"Looking down on the tiled roof of the pavilion, Cardew, though the world was brilliant and awake, suddenly felt himself alone and unaccountably sad."

Then a little more suspense for the reader, as the young man sits smoking his pipe in the sunshine, admitting that the place is queer, but remaining sceptical himself.

# NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Adapted from the Novel by Jules Verne

"NOW, professor," said Captain Nemo, "we will, if you please, take our bearings and fix the starting-point of this voyage. It wants a quarter to twelve. I am going up to the surface of the water."

The captain pressed an electric bell three times. The pumps began to drive the water out of the reservoirs; the needle of the manometer marked by the different pressures the ascensional movement of the *Nautilus*, then it stopped.

"We have arrived," said the captain.

We went to the central staircase which led up to the platform, climbed the iron steps, and found ourselves on the top of the *Nautilus*.

The platform was only three feet out of the water.

Towards the middle, the boat, half sunk in the vessel, formed a slight excrescence. Fore and aft rose two cages of medium height, with inclined sides, and partly inclosed by thick lenticular glasses. In the one was the helmsman who directed the *Nautilus*; in the other a powerful electric lantern that lighted up his course.

The sea was beautiful, the sky pure. The long vessel could hardly feel the broad undulations of the ocean. There was nothing in sight—not a rock nor an island, no Abraham Lincoln, nothing but a waste of waters.

Captain Nemo took the altitude of the sun with his sextant to get his latitude.

"It is noon. Professor, when you are ready—"

I cast a last look at the sea, slightly yellowed by the Japanese coast, and went down again to the saloon.

"And now, professor," added the captain, "I leave you to your studies. I have given E.N.E. as our route at a depth of fifty yards. Here are maps on a large scale on which you can follow it. The saloon is at your disposition, and I ask your permission to withdraw."

Captain Nemo bowed to me. I remained alone, absorbed in my thoughts. Should I ever know to what nation belonged the strange man who boasted of belonging to none? This hatred which he had vowed to humanity—this hatred which perhaps sought terrible means of revenge, what had provoked it? I could not yet say. I, whom hazard had just cast upon his vessel—I, whose life he held in his hands, he had received me coldly, but with hospitality. Only he had never taken the hand I had held out to him.

Then my eyes fell upon the vast planisphere on the table, and I placed my finger on the very spot where the given latitude and longitude crossed.

The sea has its large rivers like continents. They are special currents, known by their temperature and colour.

At the point on the planisphere where my finger lay, one of these currents was rolling—the Kuro-Siwo or Black River of the Japanese, which, leaving the Gulf of Bengal, crosses the Straits of Malacca, runs along the coast of Asia, turns into the North Pacific as far as the Aleutian Islands, carrying with it the trunks of camphor-trees and other indigenous productions, contrasting by the pure indigo of its warm waters with the waves of the ocean. It was this current that the *Nautilus* was going to follow. Just then Ned Land and Conseil appeared at the door of the saloon.

"Where are we—where are we?" cried the Canadian. "At the Quebec Museum?"

"If Monsieur allows me to say so," replied Conseil, "it is more like the Hotel du Sommerard." "Marvel and look, Conseil,

for there is enough for such a good classifier as you to do here."

There was no need for me to encourage Conseil. The worthy fellow, leaning over the cases, was already muttering words in the language of naturalists—Gasteropodes class, Buccinoides family, sea-snail genus, *Cyproea Madagascariensis* species, etc.

During this time Ned Land, who was not much interested in conchology, questioned me about my interview with Captain Nemo. "I know no more than you, Mr. Land; it is better to abandon at present all idea of either taking possession of the *Nautilus* or escaping from it. This vessel is a masterpiece of modern industry, and I should regret not to have seen it. The only thing to do is to keep quiet and watch what passes around us."

"Watch!" exclaimed the harpooner, "but there's nothing to watch; we can't see anything in this iron prison. We are moving along blindfolded."

Ned Land had scarcely uttered these words when it became suddenly dark.

We remained mute and did not stir, not knowing what surprise, agreeable or disagreeable, awaited us. But a sliding noise was heard. It was as if panels were being drawn back in the sides of the *Nautilus*.

Suddenly light appeared on either side of the saloon, through two oblong openings.

Two crystal panes separated us from the sea. At first I shuddered at the thought that this feeble partition might break, but strong copper bands bound it, giving an almost infinite power of resistance.

The sea was distinctly visible for a mile round the *Nautilus*. What a spectacle!

The *Nautilus* did not seem to be moving. It was because there were no landmarks. Sometimes, however, the lines of water, furrowed by her prow, flowed before our eyes with excessive speed.

For two hours a whole aquatic army escorted the *Nautilus*. Amidst their games and gambols, whilst they rivalled each other in brilliancy and speed, I recognised the green wrasse, the surmullet, marked with a double black stripe; the goby, with its round tail, white with violet spots; the Japanese mackerel, with blue body and silver head; brilliant, the azure fish, the name of which beggars all description, gilt heads with a black band down their tails; aulostomes with flute-like noses, real sea-woodcocks, of which some specimens attain a yard in length; Japanese salamanders; sea-cels, serpents six feet long with bright little eyes and a huge mouth bristling with teeth, etc.

Suddenly light again appeared in the saloon. The iron panels were again closed. The enchanting vision disappeared.

I expected Captain Nemo, but he did not appear. The clock was on the stroke of five. Ned Land and Conseil returned to their cabin, and I regained my room. My dinner was laid there. It consisted of turtle soup made of the most delicate imbricated hawkbill turtle, of a delicate white surmullet, slightly crimped, of which the liver, cooked by itself, made a delicious dish, and fillets of the emperor-holocanthus, the flavour of which appeared to me superior even to salmon.

I passed the evening reading, writing, and thinking. Then sleep overpowered me, and I stretched myself on my zoster couch and slept profoundly, whilst the *Nautilus* glided rapidly along the current of the Black River.

(Continued to-morrow)



## SALT

SODIUM and chlorine are two deadly poisons, yet we put them on our bacon and eggs—we eat them in ice cream, and we sprinkle them on fish and chips. Sodium and chlorine, when combined, are common salt.

Salt—there is a host of romance in that very insignificant word. Many thousands of British homes rely upon salt for their income. In many areas in Central Africa salt is a luxury which only the rich can afford, a bride being valued at two tins of bath salt, a good slave at three.

A lump of rock is sucked and treasured by a native child as greatly as a toffee apple is appreciated here.

In Tibet and Abyssinia, salt is to this day the most common currency. In the Roman army a salt allowance was made to all ranks. Later, in imperial times, this "salarium" was converted into a grant of money. Hence our word "salary."

In Britain, salt is mined from 400ft. pits, and the miners are among the healthiest men in the country. Accidents are very scarce, and the salt protects them from rheumatism and colds. The air is dry and clean, and most workers wear white clothing.

In France, Egypt and Italy, and in some parts of the Orient, salt is obtained by evaporating sea water, which in most places contains 4.6 per cent. solution of salt.

The Dead Sea, which holds 25 per cent. salt, would float a dead elephant on its surface. A recent estimation claims that if the entire ocean were to dry up, the yield of salt would be 14,500,000 cubic miles of salt.

In spite of the enormous quantities mined every year, there seems to be no limit to the national resources.

Out of the total world production of 22,000,000 tons produced annually, 1,900,000 tons come from the good earth of Britain.

## QUIZ for today

Whose nicknames are these?

1. Cœur de Lion.
2. Lady of the Lamp.
3. Saki.
4. The Leader.
5. Mrs. Buggins.
6. The Singing Fool.
7. King of Jazz.
8. The Woolworth Princess.
9. The Speed King.
10. Stinker.
11. The Red-Hot Momma.
12. The Prince of Adventurers.

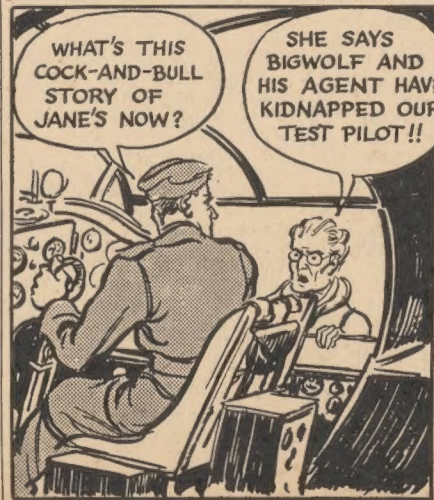
## Answers to Quiz in No. 12

1. Giraffe.
2. Sir Giles Gilbert Scott.
3. 1863.
4. Voltaire.
5. Lancelot.
6. Delibes.
7. "Zee."
8. Ypres.
9. Charles Laughton
10. August 4th, 1914, at midnight.
11. King Manuel, who was deposed in 1910.
12. St. George (England), St. Andrew (Scotland), St. Patrick (Ireland).

## Arithmetical Puzzle

When visiting a lunatic asylum, I asked two inmates to give me their ages. They did so, and then, to test their arithmetical powers, I asked them to add the two ages together. One gave me 44 as the answer and the other 1,280. I immediately saw that the first had subtracted and the other had multiplied them. What were their ages?

## JANE





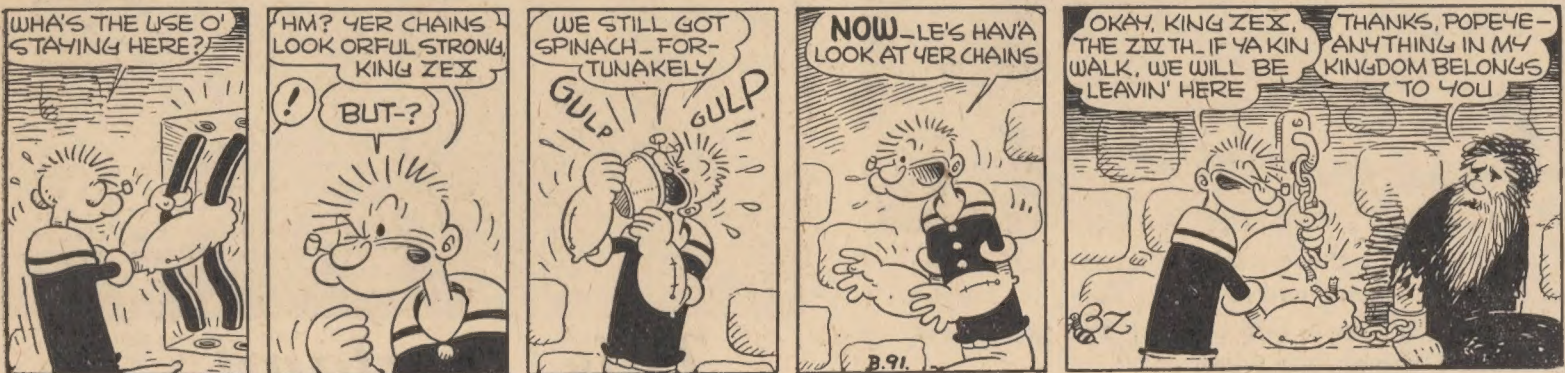
Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



TUNNEY-DEMPSEY

(Continued from page 1)

much slower—and more erratic. Tunney is coming in again, lunging at Dempsey's head like a master-fencer. Tunney is unquestionably on top. Dempsey is very unsteady. Dempsey is reeling under a shower of blows. Blood is streaming from his nose and mouth. His eye is right closed. He looks a pitiful sight.

The closing round. Dempsey, battered and perhaps beaten, but certainly not resigned to it, is charging in, intent on one last do-or-die effort. His punches are wild. He's desperate. Tunney, coolly waiting his chance, keeps clear of trouble.

And now he's wading in at Dempsey. Blows thunder in on the sturdy, purple-bronze body. Dempsey is reeling and rolling like a ship in a storm. And what a storm this is that Tunney is generating! Once more he goes in with a succession of lefts and rights. Dempsey, almost on the point of exhaustion, is retreating slowly round the ring, trying to stave off the inevitable. Can he do it? Yes. Here's the gong to save him—at least, from being knocked out.

The referee is climbing into the ring to announce the verdict. He is holding Tunney's right hand aloft as a signal of victory. Tunney is the winner. Tunney beat Dempsey on points in their return fight for the world's heavyweight championship.

POSTSCRIPT.

Yes, Tunney kept his title on points. But how near he was to defeat in that unforgettable seventh round could be measured by a hair's breadth.

Tunney, who once earned £5 a week and thought he was doing well, collected £200,000 from this fight. He drew £80,000 from his first bout with Dempsey, and after successfully defending his title once more, retired a year later with more than £250,000 in the bank.

Dempsey never fought again after that night—that night when, but for his over-eagerness, he might again have been champion, for it is problematical whether Tunney could have rallied to his senses in time but for that dramatic recount.

Dempsey, one-time bartender, took with him into retirement nearly £600,000 made out of boxing.

Such are the fortunes of the ring.

They say—what do you say?

"Britain is to-day a nation in training—training for every branch of war and the mastery of technical science; but we shall need re-training in the equally testing problems of citizenship and international affairs during the decades of reconstruction."

Mr. Kenneth Lindsay, M.P.

"A point that has repeatedly struck me since enlistment is the lack of interest, shown almost universally throughout the 'lower deck,' for anything except the headlines of political and world events."

Mr. Peter A. Latham.

"Many of the best brains of the country are at present in the Services, many of them overseas. These people are, at present, too busily preoccupied with the actual winning of the war to give much deep thought to the future. Nevertheless, the underlying anxiety is there. They have always before them the things which were allowed to happen after the last Great War, and I think we may rely upon them to see that no mysterious 'They'—who has slept

throughout the war in his nice warm bed—will be allowed to dictate too freely on this occasion!"

Mr. H. Howard Lewis.

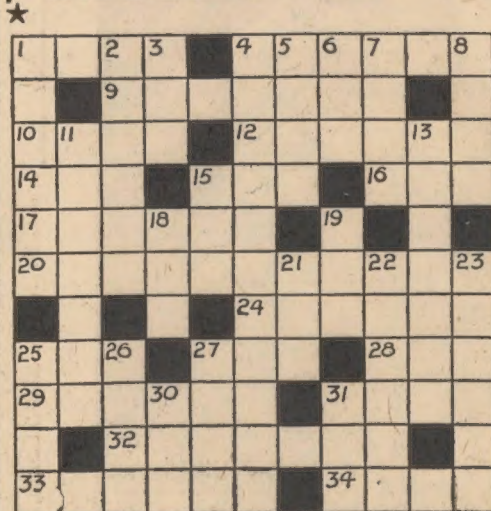
"Quite the commonest attitude towards post-war social development—that vast mirage of carrots for good donkeys to which nobody points more enthusiastically than the wily Old Orderist—is that of the person who vaguely expects that 'someone' will 'somehow' change 'something' shortly after the present war. This smug optimism is much too lazy to read seriously or inform himself or herself of social and economic facts, so he or she knows practically nothing about anything."

Mr. Henry Leadbetter.

"The misfortunes that have befallen the world during the last 24 years—the progressive breakdown of Western civilisation, the defeat of democracy, and the advancing tide of total war—are directly due to the failure of Anglo-American relations."

Mr. Christopher Dawson.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Essential part.
- 4 Basket fibre.
- 9 Day-dream.
- 10 Off.
- 12 Time to come.
- 14 Ungentlemanly person.
- 15 Boy's name in short.
- 16 Moisture.
- 17 Cricket team.
- 20 Adroitly planned.
- 24 Confidence.
- 25 Stitch.
- 27 Opposed in contest.
- 28 Recline.
- 29 Minor sea-god.
- 31 Imperfection.
- 32 Re-establish.
- 33 Makes calf's cry.
- 34 Wild revel.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM IN No. 12.

LOAM SELECT ADMIRAL VOW DEBT ULTIMO D LEFT ELMS EVE REAL U RIDGE CLANS S ITEM SET OIMS NEWT E ABATED RULE TLK ROTATOR SRESAW PETS

CLUES DOWN.

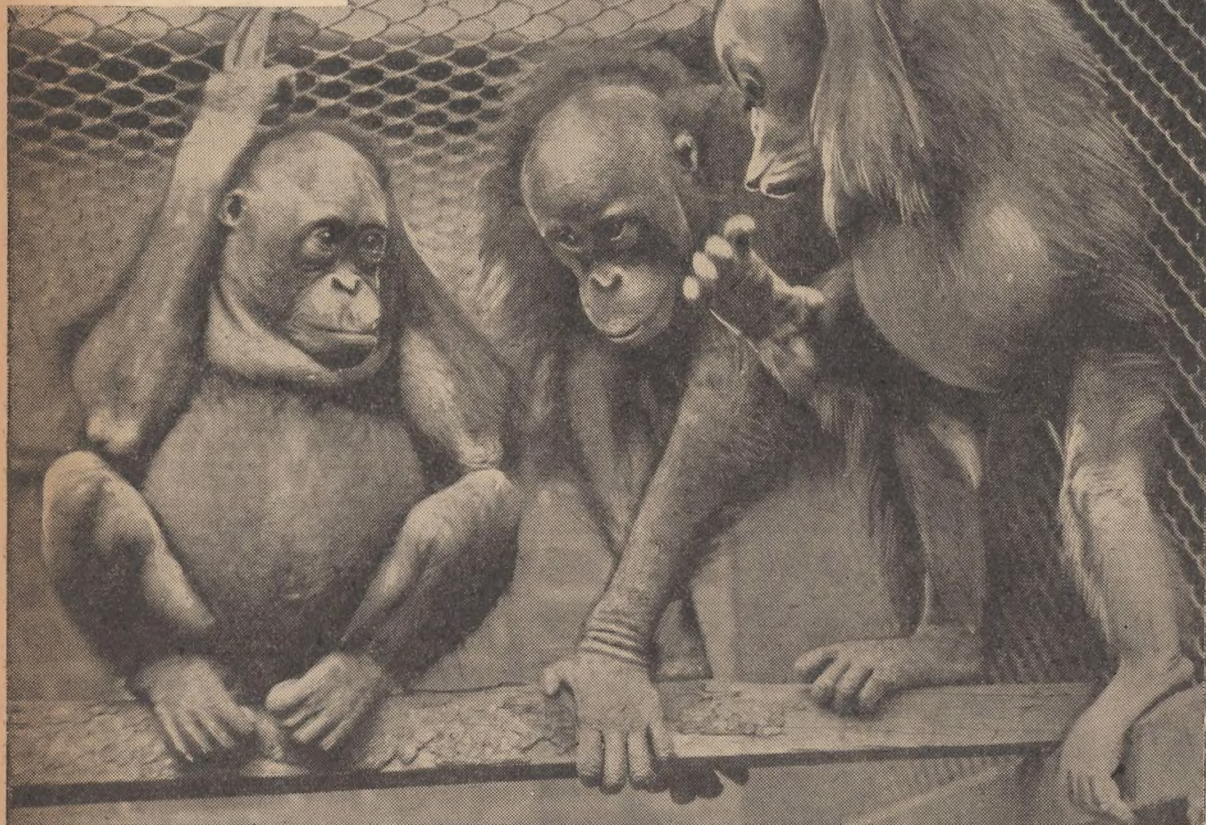
- 1, Puts. 2, Business man. 3, Cry of surprise. 4, Elegant arrangements. 5, Kind of lily. 6, Good enough. 7, Mutual hostility. 8, Afresh. 11, Dancer. 13, Insignia of Order. 15, Black. 18, Vehicle. 19, Tree. 21, Acquired. 22, Visitor. 23, Lost Ground. 25, Remnant of pencil. 26, Metal thread. 27, The majority. 30, Drink. 31, Backwards.



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

## BRAINS TRUST



PONGO (Infant on right): "Well . . . I think . . . the question shapes itself something like THIS." NELLY (Mother on left): "Maybe you're right, Son . . . maybe you're right." GINGER (Father, centre): "Don't rush, don't rush! I've got to get a grip on things first. . . . Now, I remember when . . ."

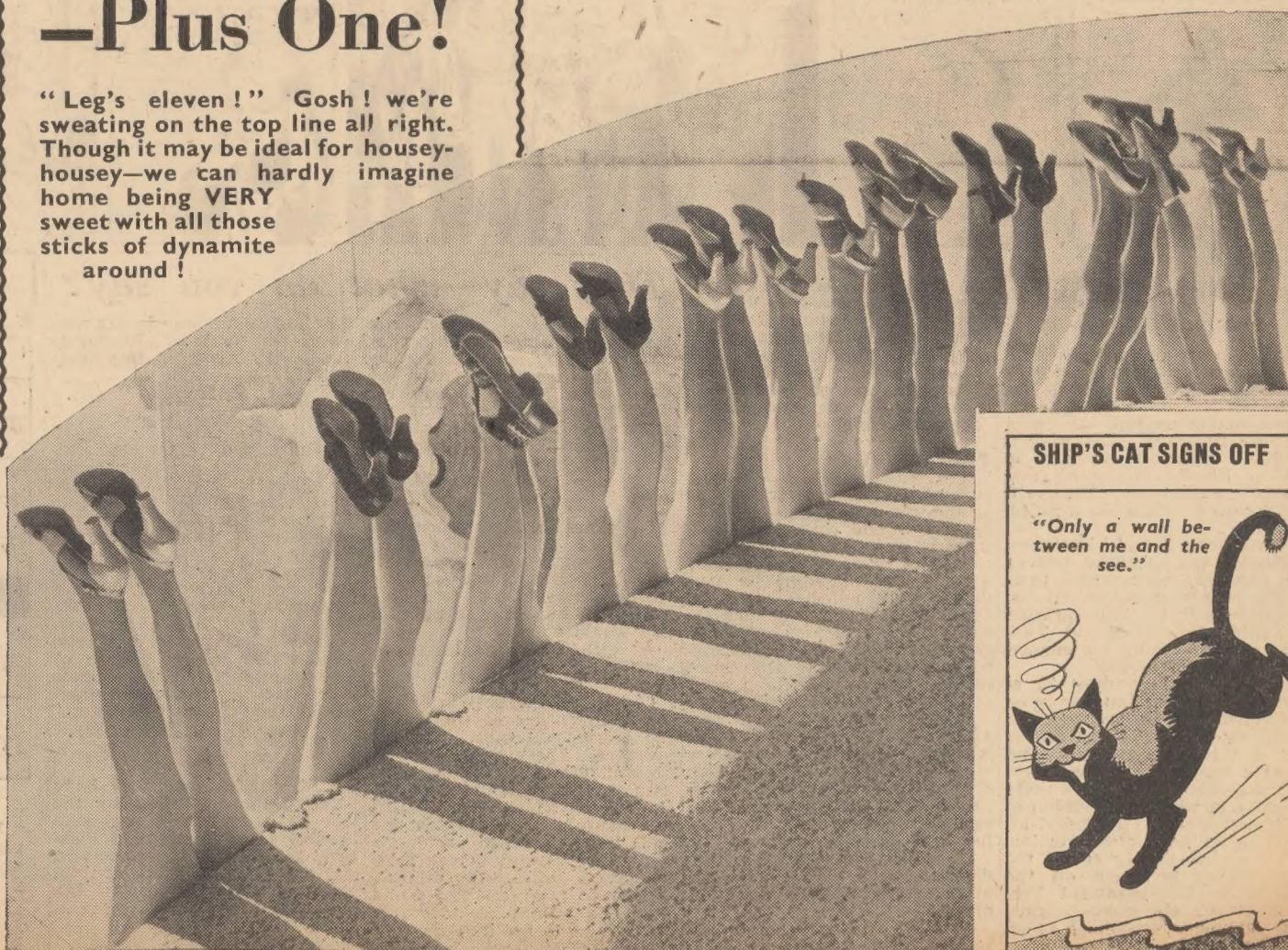


## This England . . .

Of course, kids love apples; and who should know it better than "Granfer"? Must be over half a century since he located the orchard where the best apple in Combswich, Somerset, grew. And if he doesn't know just when they're at their best, we give up. The "food centre" is the doorway of the 300-year-old "Ship Inn." What COULDN'T we do to a pint of real Zummerzetz Zider right now!

## Legs Eleven —Plus One!

"Leg's eleven!" Gosh! we're sweating on the top line all right. Though it may be ideal for housey-housey—we can hardly imagine home being VERY sweet with all those sticks of dynamite around!



W.R.N.S. dismantling the engine of a torpedo. Seems to us a most complicated affair . . . we'd overlooked the fact that in women's hands most things are "a gift."

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Only a wall between me and the sea."

